

This was a poem
sent to my dad in a
letter to him from the
author

JUST YESTERDAY

Tell me, have you seen my boy?
He was here just yesterday.
A tiny little blue-eyed lad.
Have you seen him on your way?

He's such a lively little guy,
With laughter like a bell.
Oh, how he'd laugh upon my knee,
At all the jokes I'd tell.

Just yesterday it seems, he said,
I'm going out to play.
War, I think he said it was,
And then he went away.

He wrote some letters after that;
They didn't say too much-
About a place called Vietnam,
And guns, and death and such.

And then the letters came no more,
Since six years ago or so.
They say he's missing but that ain't true;
There's something they don't know.

I saw him here, just yesterday,
No matter what they say.
We laughed and ran, and played again.
We do - most every day.

So if you see my son today,
Please tell him just for me,
I'll wait right here for yesterday,
Until eternity.

MS/gt. Howard E. Weller